



THE BATCHELOR

The Batchelor sits in is dreary room,
Sadly lamenting the want of a wife ;
Despondent and lonely, the picture of gloom,
Smothered affection has blighted his life.

The shadow of grief, plainly marked on his face,
Tells of fretting and anguish beguiled
By days and nights, spent without the embrace
Of a fond loving wife or a child.

His atmosphere filled with clouds of tobacco smoke,
As if to shut out from his vision
The cold dismal world, which seems but a joke
Of suffering and endless derision.

Self reproach, with its sting, reverts to the past,
Mockingly pointing out chances,
Once thrown in his way, that he might have basked
In the warm sunshine of sweet loving glances.

Many companions in youth are now blest
With the comforts of home and a wife,
And rosy cheeked children to romp round the nest,
So cozy and joyous with life.

They no longer visit him as they used to, of old ;
And this is a source of much sadness
To him, in his den so cheerless and cold,
With no gentle soul to shed warmth and gladness

With a shudder, he pictures his death-bed scene,
When no loving wife will be found
To soothe his last moments by her presence serene,
Like an Angel hovering around.

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